

Day 5 - July 15: Everyone Being Happy by Cammerel

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Summary:

**You're my ex but I think I still have feelings for you.
Overhearing they have feelings for you.**

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Steve leans against the table and watches the kids as they eat, their elbows knocking and some of them shoving each other to make room.

“Slow down,” he warns them, “I don’t wanna have to clean up vomit because you knuckleheads can’t take your time.”

“Yes, m’lord,” Dustin says and does as he’s told.

Lucas, sitting by him, mocks him in a whiny voice the moment the words come out, “*Yes, m’lord.*”

Dustin hits him in the arm and the two start pushing one another.

“Knock it **off**,” Steve says loudly and the two stop. He turns back to the kitchen and smiles when Joyce offers him a plate of his own, “Ah, thanks, Ms. Byers, you’re an angel.”

She smiles warmly at him and then glances down the hall, “Nancy and Jonathan still aren’t back yet?”

“I’ll get them,” he says, setting down his plate on the counter and walking past the brats as he heads through the living room. It’s still in a *state*, but it’s not completely unlivable just yet.

He barely catches Lucas still taunting Dustin in the distance, “*Oh Steve, you’re my hero, Steve. Ohhh.*”

Steve almost retorts but keeps it back, reaching Jonathan’s room and just he’s about to knock when he hears Jonathan’s voice. He would’ve normally interrupted instead of eavesdropping, but it’s /what/ Jonathan’s saying that catches his attention.

“He won’t be into it. Steve? He’d... you said he was okay with us being together, sure, but-”

“He didn’t seem to mind at all,” Nancy says back, “Steve’s a good man.”

“I know that.”

At Jonathan’s firm, confident response, pride and all kinds of mushy shit start to swell in Steve’s chest.

“That’s exactly why I have a problem with talking to him about this. I don’t wanna push him into a corner where he feels like he has to do something to make us both happy,” Jonathan tacks on and Steve’s brows furrow, “Yes, he’s a good person, but everyone has their limits.”

Limits?

“You should tell him.”

“No,” Jonathan responds, “You? You, he might be okay with. I don’t see anything more than that going the way we want it to.”

“You really think he’d be okay with sharing me with you?”

Steve’s eyes nearly pop out of their sockets. Woah. What the hell is he overhearing?

“Probably,” Jonathan agrees, his voice a little lower and Steve can just imagine his shoulders up to his ears, that shy look on his adorable fucking face, “I get the feeling he’s that kind of guy.”

Nancy chuckles, “What’s ‘that kind of guy’?”

“You know...”

“The kind of guy that shares his girlfriend?”

Steve feels a little defensive, his emotions giving him whiplash while trying to follow the conversation.

“No, god, that makes it sound like he’s some kind of wimp or something,” Jonathan says and Steve’s grateful for the defense, really, but he’s not... really sure where this is going, “What I’m trying to say is I feel like he... wouldn’t mind... *everyone* being happy...”

“Except for you.”

Steve frowns. He can't argue Jonathan's point, he **would** like everyone to be happy. He's got a ton of love to give, but this is still a lot to take in. He never humored the thought of getting back together with Nancy, as much as he misses her. He's tried his best to let go of that sort of hope.

Jonathan doesn't respond immediately.

"You miss out on the opportunity to *be with him* but you want me to be able to have you both?" Nancy asks, "Can you see how I wouldn't be okay with that? I want you to be happy too. And I know you feel the same way about him. You can't tell me that watching us wouldn't make you feel a little jealous."

"You say all of that like you think he'd ever be interested in being with me."

"I say all of that like I want you to tell him how you feel," Nancy says, her voice tight and Steve can tell just from her tone that she's seconds from crying, "If he doesn't feel the same way, then he doesn't and I'm sorry. I was wrong. But I really think that... if anyone would be open-minded to that sort of thing, it's Steve."

Jonathan laughs, "Steve, The Hair, Harrington, into guys? You really think that's a possibility?"

"I've been with him," Nancy mutters and Steve imagines her cheeks heating, "You haven't seen how he is. He... could be bisexual."

So *that's the word for it.*

"Even if he was, which is a long shot... why would he ever want to be with me? You, I get. You're amazing and smart and so beautiful. But we haven't gotten along, we're barely friends - if you can call it that."

"Give yourself a little more credit."

Steve pushes the door open and clears his throat, "Uh, yeah," he says as they both look up from each other to see him standing there, eyes wide. He smirks and meets Jonathan's stunned gaze, "What the lady said."